

SAVED HIS BOARD.

Grand Promoter Surprised by His Landlady.

SHE FAILS TO BE CAJOLED.

Major Crofoot's Offer of a Position at Fabulous Salary Spurned—Back Dues Demanded—He Tries a Trick, and She Wrecks His Office.

By M. QUAD.
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MAJOR CROFOOT, grand promoter and artful dodger, was walking the floor of his office. He was perturbed. It was not a question of buying a steamship company or a banana plantation, but of raising the cash for his noonday lunch.

Then Providence suddenly appeared. The door opened, and a woman walked in. She was a large, portly female, and the floor trembled a little under her steady tread. For half a minute the major failed to recognize her. Then her face, form and double chin carried him back to other days, and he swallowed the lump in his throat and turned pale as she cried out:

"So I have found you at last, you lying, deceitful man!"

Her voice broke the spell and aroused him to action. A bland smile spread over his face, and he extended his hand and said:

"Well, well, but this is certainly a surprise and a pleasure. My dear old landlady, but how do you do—how do you do?"

"Oh, you remember me, do you?" she sarcastically queried.

"Remember you? Could I forget the dear old soul with whom I roomed

and boarded for weeks and months and who was like a mother to me all the time I was in her house? Never, on my life! My dear Mrs. Simpkins, it wasn't an hour ago that I was grieving over your lamented death."

"Humph! Who said I was dead?"

"I was so told by one of your former boarders. He told me the other day that you had had a stroke of apoplexy and had been dead almost two months. The very hour he gave me the news I was on my way to your house with a check in my pocket. There was a balance of \$18 due you when I left. Dear me, but what a surprise this is and how heartily glad I am that you are still on earth and looking as young and handsome as ever. You remember I used to call you the duchess?"

"Yes, I remember lots of things," she grimly replied. "I remember how you sneaked out of my house, and I am here for my money. Don't try to flatter me and don't do any more lying."

Flattery Fails.

"My dear, dear woman, it pains me to hear you talk that way. We were the greatest friends. I recall hundreds of acts of kindness on your part, and I only wish I owed you \$1,000 in place of the insignificant sum named. Why do you speak of me in such harsh terms? If my debt to you is unpaid it is because I heard that you had died and left no heirs. Only yesterday while I was perfecting the articles of incorporation of the G. A. H. R. company I thought of you and wished that you were with us."

"Soft soap, major!" replied Mrs. Simpkins as she clicked her teeth. "I have come for that money, and I don't stir a step till I get it."

"Just a minute, dear—just a minute. I am paying you \$18 more to you than \$200,000? No, of course not. The G. A. H. R. company is the Great American Hair Restoring company. It is limited, with a cash capital of \$3,000,000."

"Never heard of it and don't want to. I want my \$18."

"Its object, my dear, is to restore hair to bald heads. You may doubt it can be done, but I shall dispel those doubts. It is a simple but powerful discovery. During the last three months I have operated on 3,000 bald heads, and in no instance has it failed to produce a luxuriant growth of new hair."

"You will need a barrel of the stuff in about three minutes if you don't come down with my cash," gently remarked Mrs. Simpkins.

"It is estimated, my dear woman," he went on, with the same bland smile on his face, "that the population of the world numbers about 200,000,000 bald heads from day to day. Our restorer is put up in quart bottles. Every bald head will buy, and the sales will be at least 600,000,000 bottles a year. It takes three bottles to do the business."

Mrs. Simpkins held up a warning finger, but the major continued:

"The clear profit is \$1.75 per bottle. You can figure from this the gross. The diamond mines of Golconda are a peanut compared to the G. A. H. R. Ah, my dear landlady, your ship has come in at last."

Ordered to Halt.

"Stop right there, you deceiver!"

"You had every confidence in my integrity when I was hard up. You saw how it was, and you never presented a bill. You used to send me little lunches of cold chicken and jam to my room on the sly, and in a thousand ways you made it home to me. Yes, you did, and now—"

"And now there will be something doing," she finished in a menacing way.

"Yes, my dear, there will be. I propose to make you secretary of the company at a salary of \$200,000 a year, and if you do not wear sables and diamonds it will be your own fault. Months ago you cast your bread upon the waters. It floated about a long

time, but it struck Major Crofoot at last. I extend my hand and offer you my congratulations. You lost \$18 and gained \$200,000!"

Mrs. Simpkins cast her eyes around the room in search of some deadly weapon.

"Come to your labors Monday morning. You can have an advance of \$50,000 if you wish to buy a bronze statue front and furniture. Go home and tell your boarders to skate. Never more the boarding house for you. You thought Major Crofoot an ingrate, a skunk, a deadbeat, but you see how you misjudged him, though I shall not ask you to apologize."

"Are you going to pay me that \$18, you old soft sooper and deadbeat?"

"That \$18?" gasped the major as he glanced furtively at the door. "Heavens, woman, but you don't want me to believe that you have lost your wits! In return for the \$18 I offer you a gigantic fortune, and yet you hesitate. As secretary your duties will be very light—very light. All you'll have to do is to see that every bottle is tightly corked before it goes out. Woman, can't you be made to understand?"

Mrs. Simpkins Menaces.

Mrs. Simpkins rose up and dropped the cape off her shoulders, and with a resigned look the major retreated a step and said:

"Very well, lady. Some one has made you believe ill of me, and I shall say no more at this time. You shall have your money."

"No check, major. It wouldn't be worth sawdust!"

"You shall have your money and in gold. I will go upstairs to the treasurer of the G. A. H. R. and get it, and in gold at that. It will pain me to part with you thus, but you will have it so. Sit down—back in a moment!"

"If you try any tricks!"

The grand promoter left the office, and Mrs. Simpkins waited. The minutes passed, but she held on. She had hunted the major for weeks, and she would take no chances now. Hours followed the minutes, but she was still there. It was only at the end of four long hours and when an office boy poked his head in the door and whispered "Sold again!" that she acted. She upset the store, tipped over the desk, laid the office safe on its back and tore down the calendar. Then she walked out and downstairs.

From a doorway on the other side of the street Major Crofoot watched her go. His vigil had been a long one, and his legs were tired. He ascended the stairs and viewed the wreck of the office and smiled. He had saved \$18, and he estimated the damage at only 15 cents. He was far ahead of the game.

London's New Lord Mayor To Serve During Coronation



Photos by American Press Association.

With all the ancient picturesque ceremonial the liverymen of the city of London have just elected a lord mayor for the ensuing twelve months. Guild hall was crowded with a large gathering of "good men and true." As the lord mayor and sheriffs arrived in their carriages in guildhall yard in full state from the mansion house they were received with a fanfare of trumpets. A procession was formed, headed by the sheriff's chaplains, and then, following a practice over five centuries old, the company walked to the adjoining church of St. Lawrence Jewry to ask the Divine blessing on their proceedings. Afterward the procession of civic dignitaries was reformed and passed to guildhall, where the lord mayor, aldermen, sheriffs and high officers took their seats on the hustings. The names of the aldermen below the chair were the read to the livery. The election was then proceeded with, and the recorder announced that the choice of the electors had fallen upon Sir Thomas Vezey Strong, alderman and stationer. The announcement was received with great cheering, and the two sheriffs, with the common sergeant between them, and the other officers of the court of aldermen, preceded by the common clerk bearing his mace, walked in procession to the aldermen's court, where the lord mayor and not fewer than thirteen aldermen were sitting. After Sir Vezey Strong had thanked the aldermen for his election a procession was formed, and passed to the great hall, the lord mayor elect being on the left hand of the lord mayor. The recorder received the announcement with great cordiality. Next the lord mayor elect formally assented to take upon himself the office, and then the sword bearer placed upon his shoulders the chain worn during his year of shrievalty.

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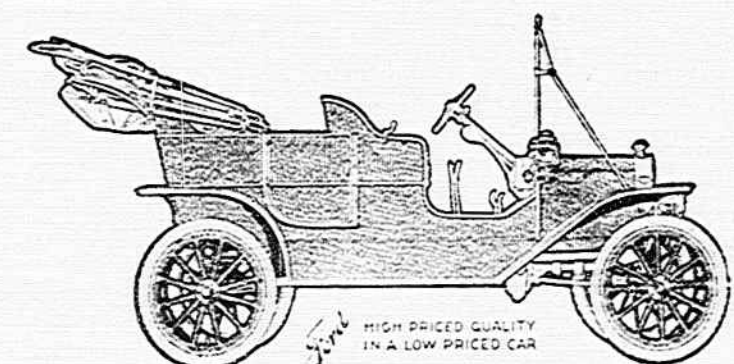
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